

Untitled

Silverchair

I'm just another body down
Internal bleeding round and round
And all I can think of, are ways to die alone
And all I can think of, are ways to die alone
A portrait of my skeletal gain
Left selfish and hungry so feed me the pain
Escape reality with new pain
Then let the cycle start again
And all I can think of, are ways to die alone
And all I can think of, are ways to die alone
Dream of content, a pain filtered farm
All I can say
Dreams are bad
When all they do is leave the truth behind
Dreams are bad
When negativity's a state of mind
Dreams are bad
When all they do is leave the truth behind
Dreams are bad

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